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THOUGHTS

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POEMS OF CHEER

BY

LOUISE J. DORMAN

DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER

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1920

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DEC 13 1920

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THOUGHTS

HER THOUGHT

Tho' small the gift to you I bring,
  Yet it hath traveled far;
'Tis winged of gold, so I've been told,
  The gold from out a star.
'Twas bathed within the silent stream
  At dusk, in sunset's glow;
And it will live, the gift I give
  In every song you know.

JUST BLUE

When not a thing
That you have done
Should cause a friend
    To doubt you,
When devils come
To grapple you
And when they almost
    Rout you—

Then that's the time
To watch your game,
Never let it
    "Get" you;
It's always dark
Before the dawn,
That's some fact,
    I'll bet you.

IN TUNE

Love, we are one; one with the sun,
Golden with promise when day has begun;
One with the brook traveling on to its source,
Merrily singing, tho' winding the course.

Love, we are one; one with the rose,
Shedding its fragrance wherever it grows;
One with each star, e'en strange it may seem,
One with the world, in its glorious theme.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SPRING

So short a while the trees were bare,
But now each budding leaf
Augurs spring within the air,
Spring that's all too brief.

And her herald flutters near
In thrills of ecstasy;
So a list'ning world may hear
And enraptured be.

Unerringly she makes her leap
Upon a flower bed;
Purple blushing violets peep,
Up comes every head.

Tho' you're feeling winter's blast,
And sorrow mocks your dream,
Then rejoice, it cannot last
In spring's eternal theme.

AMBITION

I stand on life's reverb'rant shore,
Just where the boats put out to sea;
Entranced I watch an eaglet soar,
And wings and waters beckon me.

And far beyond the beaten sands,
Across the sunset's rim of fire,
Gleaming towers of nameless lands
Whisper of my heart's desire.

And erroneous the adage old,
He serves who only stands and waits,
Success is sponsor to the bold,
I'm off to storm her pearly gates.

YOUTH

I sent my ship far out to sea
With colors flying gayly,
My treasure trove within the hold,
The world forgotten daily.

My heavy freighted ship o' dreams
With cupid's wondrous presence
Lent happiness beyond compare,
For 'twas of dreams, the essence.

But we've come home, my ship and I,
Now anchored fast we tarry;
For out upon the Tide were left
The dreams we used to carry.

THOUGHTS

A PROBLEM

Reflection was hard in the city,
I hied me away to the wood;
In valuable teachings of nature
I knew I should find the most good.

So queerly the trees were divided
And paired into twos, so I sought
The space between two for a hammock
Designed to create deepest thought.

And soon issued forth from the branches
The song of a bird that was sweet;
The nest seemed a shrine to her singing,
Oh, dearest of family retreat.

Apparently here my solution;
The problem? Quite easy to guess
Nor hard to determine the answer
Emphatically told in my "yes."

APPRECIATION

We only know the joys of summer days
Because of cruel winter with its snows;
'Tis when we take the rough and stony ways
We find the sweetest vi'let or the rose.

And after all the bitterness of war
One touches heights of happiness 'twould seem;
For tyranny and monarch's greed are o'er
And struggles help to realize "the dream."

THE SUMMER CAMOUFLAGE

She looks so very sweet,
She's dressed, oh, very neat,
You admire the dainty feet
  As near she passes,
With cheeks quite all aglow
While breeze her tresses blow,
You're sure you want to know
  This lass of lasses.

You learn she plays croquet,
At tennis holds full sway,
And gayest of the gay
  At all the sports;
Of beaus she has a score,
Could have as many more,
But votes them all "a bore"
  When out of sorts.

In her charm beguiling,
Quick the time is whiling,
So you bask in smiling
  Thro' each "date";
Soon you're smitten badly,
Love her very sadly,
Want her pretty madly,
  But you wait.

And at vacation's wane
You look for her in vain,
Deserted is the lane
  She's homeward bound;
For hubby's waiting there,
She loves him to despair;
Thinks she's "playing fair,"
  She's safe and sound.

SERVICE

A farmer going through a road
  Espied a crooked plant;
As customary then he paused
  To change its awkward slant.

Traversing there in after years,
  Amazed full much was he,
To view of its surpassing growth
  A tall and stately tree.

The little pool where children played
  With mud was covered o'er;
The student as he tarried there
  Gave evidence he "saw."

And came again when time had passed
  Elated, for within
The water's cool and shining depths
  A blue sky greeted him.

A mother o'er her baby's cot
  Was teaching him a prayer;
With love and an abundant faith
  The seeds were planted there.

And loving hands still guided him
  Thru labyrinths of years;
And thus in noble man's estate
  When country calls, he hears.

Oh, tree, and pool, and little child,
  There sad if none had heed,
And those who serve unsought, unasked,
  Thrice blessed are they indeed.

A PHANTASY

'Mongst the flowers, on his throne
King Love was holding court;
And his subjects gathered there
To tender gifts they'd brought.

They were proud to serve their king,
Although he seemed a boy;
He commanded, they obeyed,
And called this kingdom "Joy."

Soon sweet Music came to greet
The monarch with her art;
Sister Song, in court'sy low,
Sublimely played her part.

All the fairies of the Dance
In figures posed of beauty,
Love betsowed his rarest smile
On their leader, Duty.

Lo; into Love's kingdom strode
Gi'nts of aspect cruel,
Fame and Fortune; and they schemed
To take away Love's rule.

"Foolish people," mocked they both,
"You worship him a boy;
Poor indeed this realm of his,
He offers merely joy."

"While I," exposing pockets,
Wealth smiled cajolingly;
"And I," Fame, blew his trumpets,
'Twas heard o'er land and sea.

And soon from out Love's kingdom
There stretched a column long;
Three faithful subjects lingered,
Sweet Music, Dance, and Song.

Tenderly they dried his tears
And promised loyalty,
Swore alleg'nce to their King
For all eternity.

Quoth Love, "Leave wide the portal
For erring souls' return";
"Perhaps," and he appealed to Song,
"For Love, they may still yearn."

"Our King speaks true," she murmured,
"See one returning now,
But look, how sad and weary he,
For age hath marked his brow."

Song and Music eager ran
To lead him to their King;
As he walked his youth returned
Soft they heard him sing.

"Give me back my Land of Joy,"
He fell at King Love's feet,
"For all of Wealth, and all of Fame
Hold nothing half so sweet."

VINI, VIDI, VICI

Love came, she tossed her pretty head,
"Nay, Cupid, pass me by," she said;
"I love, forsooth, you err good youth,"
But she blushed a rosy red.

Love saw, yet lingered loth to go;
And infinitely filled with woe
He spoke, "Your hair's no longer fair,
Your cheeks have lost their glow."

Love conquered, now she held him fast,
Perchance, because her youth had passed,
She clung, yet he longed to be free
When he arrived at last.

THE UNKNOWN

She led them, a Sister of Mercy,
The city's poor followed close by;
Carrying flowers they'd gathered
For those who had fought, but to die.

Not pausing, she held fast the lilies,
Though grave upon grave had they passed;
The slab marked "unknown" made her falter,
'Twas here that she placed them at last.

Unwonted the sight, and most tender,
All knelt at the sad little grave,
And faces beamed wonderful splendor
While loving hearts' tribute they gave.

PROOF

The night was still, and from my bed
I saw the stars so bright;
The moon, a crescent, beamed on me,
I gazed in pure delight.

I did not dream, I had not slept,
When your voice called to me;
So clearly did I hear my name
I peered without to see.

There greeted but the silent street,
There seemed no one about;
Perplexed, and yet convinced, I knew
No call came from without.

How tenderly you spoke my name,
Tho' many years have fled;
And far our paths with years between—
For all, we might be dead.

Do you recall, from out the past,
Our all absorbing talks
Concerning thought transmission, fate,
And all those pretty walks?

And if you've reached me thus, dear heart,
No better proof we need;
And distance hath no terrors now,
For we are close indeed.

LOGIC

Poor but proud was Algernon,
  Who owned an Uncle Ned;
Possessor of the "dough-bags," see?
  So one day Algy said:

"Dear Uncle, wise advice I seek,
  For I should like to wed;
My love for Gwendy's most sincere,
  Yet I must get ahead.

"For Gwendy's used to living swell;
  Her dressmaker each year
Receives a thousand, I've heard tell,
  Just sewing for the dear."

Then silently he waited for
  The words to make his fate;
"That dressmaker," drawled Uncle Ned,
  Would just suit you first-rate."

THE WAR'S END

When you returned
The sun ne'er
  Shone so bright;
Till then, life seemed
An abyss of despair,
  One sad long night.

Can one find words
Expressing
  Joy so keen?
Perhaps nightingale
Or lark can tell
  In song supreme.

REBELLION

Suddenly hurled into the world
  Ungirded, alas, for the strife;
A question lies in baby's eyes,
  "What do you offer me, Life?"

Sad baby's youth, all tears forsooth,
  While poverty stalked at the door;
One more to feed, what was the need?
  A spirit rebellious she bore.

But girlhood's day, brightened the way,
  Fashioning joys out of dreams;
Who would be sad, one could be glad,
  Eyes never held "motes or beams."

Then all unsought, womanhood brought
  Smashing of dreams that seemed real;
Time was no thief, now in such grief,
  Life had but taught her to feel.

BELLS

How sweet the tinkle of the bell,
A thousand joys it seems to tell;
And as it falls upon my ear,
Heaven, and all that's grand, seems near.

Again the sound comes soft and low,
Alas, it seems so full of woe;
Once it had a joyful sound,
Now with tears it doth resound.

So human then, the marvelous tones
That fill the air oftimes with moans,
And, too, with echoes bright and gay
All mortal cares seem waft away.

CONCESSION

Whose was the fault, does it matter;
Words that were harsh came so fast
Friendship was spoiled in the clatter,
Friendship created to last.

So I've prepared a nice letter—
Asking for pardon? Not I;
You're the offender, I'll warrant,
Caused me full many a sigh.

Clearly such friendship meant nothing
If you can't justly say,
"You are so sorry it happened,"
'Ere we both turn, on life's way.

Long have I asked for the pictures,
Also my letters returned;
Since they mean nothing, why keep them
Unless by this time, they're burned?

If you're expecting to bring them
I'll meet you gladly half-way;
Yes, I will go fifty-fifty;
Come now, old pal, what you say?

OUR FLAG

Hark, 'ere the morning's dawn,
Comes loud the bugle's call,
"Into the saddle";
Up rides the flag on high,
"Men, we must do or die,
Fall into battle."

Look! read the glory there,
Each star so wondrous fair,
Gaze on its beauty;
Courage and hope it brings,
Unto your heart it sings,
"Men, do your duty."

THOUGHTS

REFLECTION

I said farewell; and did not know
Of dismal days, no gleam of light,
Of endless nights, gone all repose,
Your face forever in my sight.

I said farewell; a dream I thought
To pass within the coming years:
In duty's path, so hard I sought
Forgetfulness for all my tears.

But, oh, in vain; I plucked a rose
And pondered, could it be as sweet
Without its perfume? As my life
Without its love 'tis incomplete.

The red red rose, goes forth to you
To speak for me, and thus 'twill tell
Most eloquently of my love,
To promise, too, that all is well.

CONSOLATION.

'Tis a simple thing to offer,
Yet how few can ease the smart
Of the one bathed deep in sorrow,
With a grief o'er ladened heart.

Some, with sweet words, like a lesson,
Come to say them o'er and o'er,
Yet the sad one's grief seems greater,
And the burden so much more.

Words themselves, but empty echoes,
Feel the sympathy which goes
To wake response in hearts of sorrow,
Lighten all the bitten woes.

RESIGNATION

When sickness came and robbed me of my strength,
I did my best to rout it by my will
Which said "endure"; and when the pain was great
I thought on other things;
The friends I loved;
And I grew well again.

Anon, one talked to me about a "nest,"
Tho' in its building he must go afar;
In fancy I could see my hearth kept bright
Because the fires of love
Were burning there;
I thought to burn for aye.

I did not wait in idleness for him,
So many things were there for me to do.
I nursed my truest friend, for she lay ill;
So precious was the life
That gave me life,
I suffered at the break.

And while I mourned, his perfidy I learned,
But consolation strange within the thought
All winters turn to springs, eternal law;
And thus my life must change
For better things,
And so I watch, and wait.

THE WAY OF A MAN

(Apologies to Kipling)

A maid there was, and she played a game,
Even as you and I.
With a man who was bold, with morals lame,
Whom the maiden fancied she could tame
And gave him sympathy, not blame,
Even as you and I.

The years flew by, the maid grew old,
Even as you and I;
The man more wicked, grew more bold,
The lady's heart, which was of gold
Was ready to break, so I've been told,
Even as you and I.

Since morals must adorn a tale,
Take my advice, and don't bewail
If similar Fate await you;
And when you take your broom to sweep
The mud that lies upon the street,
Your gown alas, won't look as neat—
There's naught to compensate you.

THOUGHTS

HUMANITY

When first we learned the method of the Hun
Who didn't feel the surge to help the weak?
Who could resist the call that urged us forth,
No laurels fresh had we then tried to seek.

With such incentive could we help but win
A cause so just, accompanied faith beside,
That mocked the savage, so beset in sin
Who uttered prayer, and with his soul he lied.

Humanity, you have not called in vain;
Your voice was heard throughout the battle roar,
And now that blessed peace prevails again,
We hearken, nay, perhaps we shall do more.

The hungry shall be fed, Oh, never fear,
Humanity knows naught of hate or greed,
And thus we stand today without a peer,
And Civilization bids us proudly "lead."

BERMUDA

I saw the cactus as we passed,
And the balmy, won'drous air
Whispered, "Now we had arrived,"
Bermuda's shores were glist'ning there.

Of all the world a garden spot;
No flight of fancy could depict
The water's blue, the pearly shore;
Here one might be a derelict.

And up beyond the water's edge
Flowers vied in brilliancy,
Nodded greeting as I gazed,
Lost in tourist's ecstasy.

If the world has gone amiss,
Then bestir you for this goal;
On Bermuda's shores you'll find
All that goes to feed the soul.

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